

# UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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OUR editor-in-chief has gone up to Jerusalem this week, as one of the elders and chief priests of Council to plan our Passover Festival due at Saratoga in the autumn—the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches. Let this account for any improprieties—not there—but here, where it is a little lonely in the office without him.

THIS from a friend's letter: "The *geocentric* idea prevails everywhere, that the first duty of man is to himself, to look out for No. 1. It has all got to be changed, to be, if I may say so, *heliocentric*. The individual man must think of his life as for the brotherhood, and for himself only that he may more perfectly serve the brotherhood. It seems to me as new an idea to most of our people, for the center of their ethics, as the Copernican astronomy was. And nothing else explains ethics at all. Is it not so? Is not this our gospel with its real doctrine of conversion, etc.?" YEA AND AMEN.

THERE are many sides to the great problem of our day. Some Philadelphia women have lately been joining hands—rich with poor—to help in one way toward its practical solution; the richer recognizing the poorer as their kinsfolk, and these recognizing those, so far as the latter have skill, experience and occupation, as sharing in the dignity of workingmen. A league of mutual friendship and support. And many such local guilds are springing up, founded by capitalists and laborers together. Notable among them is the "Friendly Society", in England, which numbers 100,000 young women of all classes. Here is "political economy"—the genuine thing, in life-packages. In our next four inches we condense the story of the House-Warming from the *Philadelphia Press*.

"A FEW nights ago an entertainment was given in this city which found no mention in the society columns of any paper. It took place in one of the large houses in

Girard street, stately and fashionable dwellings in their day, but now given over to government offices, clubs and boarding-houses. This especial house was lighted from basement to attic and filled with happy, smiling people. The peculiarity of the entertainment was that the hosts far outnumbered the guests. They were all women, and almost all young—artists, seamstresses, domestic servants, writers for the newspapers, saleswomen, cashiers, book-keepers, in short, workingwomen of every grade. They have formed a guild, and this is their house. It was founded for them by other workingwomen who have capital to spare. It has offices furnished with sewing-machines, type-writers, desks, etc., a library, a reading-room with the best magazines and newspapers, a fully-equipped gymnasium, large, inviting parlors, decorated for the most part by the artist members; a piano, comfortable chairs, and, above all, plenty of sun and air. The tired shop-girl can run in at noon to this, her pretty 'home', to rest and eat her lunch, and in the evening she can leave her wretched boarding-house, bring her work and find comfort, pleasant society, and pure, good influences. The most touching feature of the 'house-warming' the other evening was the cordial hospitality of the girls to the invited guests. They were for the most part strangers in the city, yet this was their house, their home, on whose threshold they stood with as happy security as any princess in her palace."

THE programme of subjects arranged for the Western Conference meeting next week at Cincinnati, brings up practical and missionary rather than speculative problems. "The Unity Church that is Possible in Every Community", and "A Practical Reform in Church Architecture", two subjects presented in connection, suggest respectively the first and the second stages in church germination—(1) the parlor gathering, (2) the cheap church-home that in a year or two might follow in so many places. Last year our temperance responsibility was hinted in a resolution that we passed; this year it will be more fully urged, with some practical working suggestions. Two or three interesting and important questions concerning "The Child in the Church" are to come up,—among others: Should we not find something corresponding to the Confirmation service helpful among us? and, Which is most important, the Worship or the Lesson side of Sunday-school? Somewhere in the Conference we trust place will be found to welcome an eager word about the "Post-office Mission",—that cheap missionary which every single church among us, even those churches in a private parlor, might set going, and probably will, if of an earnest mind to be a church. Come one, come all who can, and take a fresh step forward in our work! More specific announcements are given in another column, and the comers are requested to note particularly the word about the railroads, whose rules this year are rather puzzling.

WE marvel—how far shall we also congratulate over this? "Had a good time with the 'Ten Great Novels' leaflet at our sociable. Of the 147 mentioned, found I had read only 86, and my daughter 67! Two of my people, 119; and two others nearly every one!! Now we are going to try the twenty best short stories."

FROM another quarter comes this wail over what the papers lay upon the table: "I am much exercised in mind about the reading the newspapers furnish, especially for women and children. It teaches sensual frivolity to girls and impudence to children. Our leading paper has dropped Thorndike Rice's supply of good reading and has taken to picture-making,—illustrating silly society gossip from low New York strata. The other two papers are worse, and publish whole letters from 'Clara Belle' to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, the tendency of which is vile. It is a little relief to know, what I had long suspected, that 'Clara Belle' is a man, and not a woman."

AMERICAN history gives the artists a great deal of trouble. It won't stand still to be painted, or, when it does, there isn't always enough of it. At the State Capitol of Illinois the contracting artists undertook to paint the Treaty which George Rogers Clarke (if it was he) made at Kaskaskia (if it was there) with the Indians (if there was a treaty). Many anachronisms and inaccuracies having been pointed out, the contractors, it is said, have stated that they could not afford to paint a historically faithful picture for the price to be paid, \$2,500. Not very long ago the historical fresco that circles the great rotunda in the Capitol at Washington halted awhile half-made,—the trouble there being that there wasn't enough history to go round! Some was afterwards discovered,—enough, we believe, to finish out.

VERY appropriately the *Overland Monthly* takes the lead among American periodicals in the discussion of the Chinese question. That the question has two sides is clearly evinced by the fact that both sides are argued in this San Francisco publication, and yet upon the whole the situation is, California *vs.* the remainder of the United States. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every resident of California and every person who has lived there for any considerable time, is strenuously opposed to the reception of any further emigration from Asia. And it is noticeable that the few Californians who do espouse what may be called the Boston view of the matter, are capitalists whose interests may be supposed to have influenced their opinions. The greatest objection to the Chinese is not any competition their cheap labor brings, not in the fact that they are economical and carry away gold, for they certainly leave an equivalent in work done for all they take away; but it is in the sort of state which will be built up on the Pacific coast because of them,—the land will be held in large bodies, the population chiefly crowded together in cities, the wealth of the state be concentrated in a few hands, and the intelligent and sturdy yeoman, upon whom all that is best in a state depends, will be unknown in that region.

#### THE DAY OF THE GREAT STRIKE.

We are making history in these days and hardly realizing it. May 1, of 1886, the day of the Great Strike, may be a day to date from. A day to date much disappointment and mistake, and possibly much misery and violence from,—and, then, an after-good. Much of the boycott work is wrong; all the rough-hand tyranny of the union over the non-union laborer is wrong; the prescriptive rules of apprenticeship among the unions are largely wrong; quick, ultimatum demands for higher wages—"Your money or your business-life!"—are wrong. And there will be ten thousand local repetitions of these wrongs, as there have been ten thousand times ten thousand repetitions of the tyrannies of capital. And prices will rise, and demand at first will somewhat lessen, and the higher wages will soon have little more living-power than lower wages, and much capital and many men will probably wait idle for a return of quiet, and here and there the imported anger and the hunger-pang may possibly reach the point where blood be-

gins to rise and then to run. *And yet there will be after-good, and May 1 will be remembered gratefully.*

In what form will it come—this after-good? Not chiefly in the shortened hours of work, for many strong men will want to work, and will claim the right to work, more hours than eight at the daily and accustomed task; not chiefly in the rise of wages, for, when the readjustments come all round, the rise will probably not prove very great. At both these points there doubtless will be gain, but nothing like the amount of gain expected and demanded now by labor. But the after-good will come in keener consciousness of the *community* in which men live and move and have increasingly their being as the nations civilize,—with which consciousness an instinctive justice presses into all business relations, the hurt of one being fore-felt as a hurt to all, the good of one fore-felt as good to all. It will come in a growing conviction that the laws of "competition" tend, not to advance, but to wreck, society, unless the correlated laws of "co-operation" are as truly understood and as loyally obeyed; a conviction that our half-science called "political economy" has so far been but as the astrology that went before astronomy, and as the alchemy that made the dawn of chemistry. It will come in a deepening sense of partnership between the capital that hires all labor and the labor that ultimately invests all capital, and a sense that under to-day's industrial arrangements these two partners are not sharing profits according to their dues. It will come in a strong belief, not that the individual Jay Gould is a devil, but that the possibility of Jay Goulds, the possibility of concentrating so much human destiny in any one man's hands and conscience, works towards devilry in America or any land. It will come in a groping resolve that, somehow, that third partner (the one besides the buyer and the seller, the employer and the employee) in every business transaction from the greatest to the smallest,—that third partner to whom belongs a royalty on every dollar earned in the land, and a *huge* royalty when the earnings rise to millions for one man, that that Great Silent Partner, *the Community at Large*, shall have more of its just share in the enormous fortunes it makes possible under the present conditions of the world's life. In such forms as these the after-good of the May 1 strikes will come.

Not that it begins at any given date; but that the power of combination then shown by the hand-workers of America will probably mark an era in those recognitions and convictions and resolves just named. The stop and stir and tumult is but the 1886 phase of our long rise as "the common people". Abroad the movement takes bright shape as suffrage won by English workmen, and justice gained by Irish tenants, and skill acquired in trades' unionism and arbitration and co-operation; it takes gloomy, turbulent shape as "socialism"; and bloody shape as "nihilism",—the gloom darkening and reddening as the oppression is the heavier. In 1776 it took the form of the American Republic; in 1789 the awful form of the French Revolution. It was the slow abolition of serfage,—it was the Peasants' War of Luther's time and the Wat Tyler rebellion of Wyclif's,—it was the Jacquerie. What we are watching now is this same great movement of "the people" towards the Freer, the Better and the Just, continued under the comparatively peaceful conditions of our nineteenth century industries and our American liberties. "And the Right goes marching on!"

W. C. G.

#### NEWS OF NOBLENES.

In times when the papers rake together the crimes of the continent over night to lay them all before us every morning as the "news", we should read the more biography to get the news of nobleness. And best among biographies to give this better news are, not the lives of "great men", but those of common men and women who live greatly. To such best books belongs this *Life*\* of the Grimke sisters.

\*THE GRIMKE SISTERS, SARAH AND ANGELINA. By Catherine H. Birney. Boston; Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.

A *Life*,—it is almost more exact to write it singular than plural, so closely were the sisters one in experience, work, character, and "the glory of all glories, the glory of self-sacrifice"; even in temperament they seem like the passive and the active of one strong nature.

Who were they? Two patrician women of South Carolina, in whose hearts the Spirit made itself a garden and voices called. They called them first from fashion and Episcopalianism to a sense of sin among the Presbyterians; from them to the simpler, more consistent Quakers; from their formal stifling life-horizons into a free, tender, living religion in which, the very Sabbath gone, "to give to God alone the ceaseless worship of my life is all my creed, all my desire". And the path which led them out to all this freedom of the soul, led also from South Carolina to the north, and from a childhood served by slaves to a womanhood of passionate self-devotion to serve the slave. Shrinking and sensitive they arrived at Abolitionism in the very early day,—they and the mobs arrived together, the women with the sentence on their lips, "This is a cause worth dying for." So mobs were as the patter of the rain. It was in that pre-womanly era, too, when it was still disgrace for a woman to speak her thought to any public save that of a prayer meeting. It was 1836, just fifty years ago. The Abolitionists themselves hardly dared to use their converts. But first in parlor meetings of women, then in vestries with a man or two on the back seats, then in a church, then in crowded halls with men clinging at the window-sills, then in the Massachusetts State-House, then in the old Boston theatre with four packed galleries, the two Southern women stood and forgot themselves in their story, and in it, the audience forgot them, too! One plea, but a double victory. The plea was for the black slave; the pleading freed the white woman; for soon the New England clergy were agog to restore the broken silence—had not St. Paul ordained it?—and thus began the Woman's Rights movement. One good cause draws on another. Only fifty years ago! And strangely, the sisters did their deed in one short six months' campaign.

But one must read the book. It is Quakerly written, but it would seem almost out of keeping for it to have any fascination save that which Quakers have,—that something real, that something quaint. Here and there is a great thing simply said, as in John Brown's prison letters and Paul's letters and the Gettysburg oration,—something lived first, and worded by accident. Angelina's wedded life with Theodore Weld was ideal marriage. And the wedding that began it was ideal, with "the Lord Jesus the first guest invited to be present", and the other guests "mostly Abolitionists of all colors, some jet black". The old age makes the youngest part of the book, and the most tear-starting and shaming to the reader. Splendid "Aunt Sai"! And for a bit of Angelina, take this: When she was sixty-eight years old, a night came in which she was paralyzed. She told her husband about it in the morning, cheered him up,—“Come, let us be grateful together for this!”—had herself dressed ready for breakfast at the usual hour, and after breakfast gave herself a first lesson in writing with her left hand!

W. C. G.

## Contributed Articles.

### BEYOND THE VEIL.

The grape is bruised, the purple wine to yield,  
The withered blossom holds a fragrance sweet,  
In rainbow tints the clouds and sunshine meet.  
So Love and Pain, within thy heart revealed,  
Will yet abide 'till every wound is healed  
Beyond the lifted veil, when thou shalt greet  
Hope's full fruition, and in Song repeat  
The lesson, which thy tears had kept concealed.

Trampled to dust, the purpose seeming lies,  
As shorn of strength, we hold our empty hands,  
When lo! Within our path an angel stands,  
Beckoning the better part of self to rise  
From gloom to fuller faith, by which we see  
The face of God in bright Futurity.

VIRGINIA G. ELLARD.

MOUNT AUBURN, Cincinnati.

### "CITY AND COUNTRY."

Under this head UNITY of April 3rd has a well intentioned article, and one which is, I hope, based on correct observation of advantages in the farmer's lot somewhere, though it misses several important elements of the question. With regard to the very desirable disencumberment of cities, it might well have taken much stronger ground, for there are few manufactories that may not be economically removed to rural sites, to the hygienic and moral advantage of all concerned in them. But for the farmer to enjoy the independence ascribed to him, and to have no worse enemy than winter and foul weather, he must at least be out of debt, which in the actual state of the currency and in the absence of adaptive institutions, is very difficult for most of us, and I speak not only for the cotton region in which I live, but for the richer states of Arkansas, Kansas, Iowa, and California, from which I hear through their papers. The causes of trouble are various. California, whose climate is most equal, and where methodical irrigation defies floods and droughts, has been most a prey to railroad extortion. But the common misfortune is artificial increase in the burden of debts by contraction of the currency. Its scarcity is so great, here at the southernmost bend of the Tennessee, that shrewd merchants compute less than a dollar per head in Marshall county, and the use of money here costs at least 20 per cent. I found it at the same rates some years ago about Columbus, Ga., and the advance of price for goods bought on credit is still higher, often 50 per cent. Cotton being the only crop that fetches money, those who are in debt, and nearly all are more or less, are obliged to grow it, but at the usual local price, 8c. per lb., the season must be good to leave a margin over costs.

The ignorance of farmers makes them superstitious, not merely in religion, but economically. They repose a blind faith in the merchants who influence them to needless costs, as for artificial imported manures, while neglecting their own barn-yards. In the village of Guntersville, one merchant has established a free caravansary for farmers. He has become a millionaire, and numbers his tributaries by the thousand. The distraction of the village shops will average fairly ten per cent. of the farmer's time, and more than that of his means. Already in this region, settled by pioneers within the present generation, nearly all of the best land and a great deal of the rest has thus fallen into the hands of merchants. You speak of cheaper goods, but they are dearer now than fifteen or eighteen years ago, relatively to the currency, then about four times more money than at present being in general circulation, and the local difference is much greater against rural populations. Thus, notwithstanding the increased production of manufactures, the hand loom continues to be our main resource for clothing.

To remedy our evils and make agriculture prosper, we need: 1st. To economize intermediary profits by bringing the factory to the farm, for now all the profits that ought to accrue to the farmer are absorbed in transportation and exchanges, and insurance, or destroyed by fires, etc., on passage. 2d. We need practical education, agricultural chemistry taught with experiments, and entomology, for next to the merchant the insect is the farmer's most ruinous foe. Finally, the farmer needs a mechanism of free exchange, a currency based upon his property and allowing the impartial representation by paper of all exchangeable values. Now there is a tax of ten per cent. on

such currency, a prohibitory tax constituting the privilege of national bankers. They obtain from government, for their speculations, money at 1 per cent., while the farmer must pay 20 to 50 per cent. for it. To survive as a farmer he must do without money, and consequently forego the advantage of machinery and science, leaving all progress in the arts of production and conservation in the hands of a few monied speculators. By the want of mental culture, at the same time he is cut off from all esthetic pleasures and nature becomes to him merely the chance for hog and hominy.

GUNTERSVILLE, Alabama.

EDGEWORTH.

### "GO BURY THY SORROW."

It seems but justice to the author of this sweet and widely known poem that it should be put before the public as it was originally written, before the advent of Moody and Sankey and P. P. Bliss, who, recognizing the comfort it contained and having no idea who its author was, rearranged it to fit his music. The poem was written and first printed in a Newburyport, Mass., paper in 1864, by a minister's daughter, just coming into womanhood. She had a brother—now a minister in our denomination—to whom she confided all her joys and sorrows. One day, after having unburdened her heart of some sorrow, she felt conscience stricken, and as she stood by the kitchen window busy with her household duties, looking at the sunbeams at play outside, she thought of the needless shadow she had cast upon her much loved brother, and said to herself, "Why did I not bury the sorrow and let my sunny thoughts brighten his path?" She threw down the wiping towel and flew to her own little chamber with her heart full of overflowing. The following was the result. When it was finished she went back and completed her homely task, little dreaming into how many homes the hymn would enter, or what tender recollections would cluster about it.

S. M. B.

### "BURY THY SORROW."

Bury thy sorrow,  
The world has its share;  
Bury it deeply  
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly  
When curtained by night,  
Tell it to Jesus,  
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,  
He knoweth thy grief,  
Tell it to Jesus,  
He'll send you relief.

Gather the sunbeam  
Aglow on thy way,  
Gather the moonbeam  
Each soft silver ray.

Hearts grown weary  
With heavier woe,  
Droop mid the darkness.  
Go, comfort them, go.

Hide thine own sorrow,  
Let others be blest,  
Give them thy sunlight,  
Tell Jesus the rest.

### COFFEE HOUSES.

"The various coffee-tavern companies in England pay dividends ranging from four to fifteen per cent."—*Ex.*

Judicious investment of capital. It is encouraging to learn that a purely business enterprise, which is an effective auxiliary to temperance, has been made to yield a good profit. Not charity this, but mutual benefit. The modern coffee-house movement may be said to have begun in England with the formation of the Coffee Public House Association and the opening, on February 14, 1873, under its auspices in one of the worst neighborhoods in the East

End of London; of the first coffee-palace, the "Edinburgh Castle", an "ex-gin-hell". The test experiment proved successful. Carefully prepared and neatly served coffee, tea and cocoa, steaming and fragrant, in comfortable rooms, with the daily papers, sobriety and genial companionship were shown to have a charm even for the very vicious. A large number of buildings have since been fitted up in a similar manner in various parts of London and in other cities of Great Britain. Some of these are spacious structures on large corner lots. Practical sense has been evinced in adopting for these places the same style of showy ornamentation, the same glare of light and color and polish that makes the gin-shops attractive to multitudes of weary work people who house in dingy attics and sunless basements.

Great interest attaches to the "Rose and Crown", rich with the memories of three hundred years, which stands in the fashionable quarter of Brompton, only a short distance from the South Kensington Museum. Changed in these later days into a coffee-palace, this ancient hostelry has again become the seat of a thriving trade. Coffee at a penny a cup and tea at a half-penny are in brisk demand, and the investment pays. It has become a part of the settled policy of the coffee-palace managers in London to establish themselves in the most squalid districts, to gain a foothold where the gin and beer shops are thickest.

The success of the Oriental Coffee House Company of Boston has been brought about by conducting its coffee houses on business principles as a source of income to their proprietors. Thus conducted they have proved a great power against the liquor saloons. A courteous letter received from this company in reply to a note of inquiry states that this fact "has been too well demonstrated in Boston to admit of any argument". Experience has here shown that coffee houses should be "on the greatest thoroughfares, well fitted up, and with a man to superintend who has had some experience in the restaurant business, also that it is necessary to serve the *best* coffee, tea and chocolate." The attempt made a year or two ago to start a coffee room near the wharves for the benefit of the longshore-men was a failure; hence the stress laid upon the matter of location. The Oriental Coffee House Company now owns two houses, the "Casino", on Washington street, at the south end, and the "Alhambra", on Green street. The rooms are large, well equipped and well kept. The table-furniture is comely, quite superior to that of the ordinary eating-house. It is distinctly stated on the bills of fare that "No INTOXICATING LIQUORS ARE KEPT". The hot drinks supplied are beef-tea at 5 cents per cup, coffee, tea and Ybarra chocolate at prices varying from 2 cents for small cup of coffee to 10 cents for large cup of coffee or chocolate with whipped cream. A wholesome variety of good food is served at reasonable prices; soups and chowders, for instance, at 10 cents, cold meats, fish, eggs, each order 15 cents; salads 30 cents.

The gain to humanity is great when philanthropy, taking counsel with worldly wisdom, becomes productive, or when self-interest, united with due consideration for the interests of others, intelligently engages in philanthropic work. It is safe to conclude that in most of our large cities excellent business chances, judged from this point of view, are still unimproved.

M. H. G.

### Correspondence.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—I notice in several late issues of your paper letters from General G. Rumbler. Had he not written that last letter I might not have written a word to you, but the spirit in that letter was such that, woman though I am, I must put in a defense in behalf of our parish and young minister.

But in the first place please do not think we are all like General Rumbler. My father was one of the first members

of this parish, and for a few months all went along smoothly. Then Mr. Rumbler—or General—as I should say, joined, and from that day we have not had as peaceful a time as before. But I am glad to say that the General is losing his influence. A new spirit has indeed come upon us, and we are rejoicing in its outpourings. Our former ministers were all very good men, and might all have helped us for many more years than three—the General's limit. But, as the General says, when they had been each here about two and a half years strange whisperings went about the parish about our liking a new man—a change. This was generally to be traced to the General as the fountain-head. He would say, "Oh, he suits me, but then M., P., O. and R. are not quite pleased." We would go to M., P., O. and R. and find they did not care much about it, but they thought General Rumbler was much in favor of a change, and he was a man who ought to be listened to. In this way the restless folks and the negatives would constitute a respectable majority and so our minister would resign. Then we were once more plunged, without any real reason for it, into the midst of a course of candidating. How I pitied the preachers who would come to us. My heart went out to them. After every sermon the General would take the minister home and "exercise his faculty"—which "faculty" he has very ably described himself. After a great deal of trouble we would get a minister and in a few years go through the same process again. Mr. Editor, I have come to think there is something wrong in this candidating for ministers anyway. Our sitting in cold blood and listening to and criticising messages that should come warm from a warm heart has something out of place to it. Every minister we have had has been greatly annoyed by the General. And what adds to the annoyance is that there was seldom any just cause for complaint.

As to our radicalism—we are very far from an iconoclasm which delights in destruction for destruction's sake. Indeed I do not like the word radical myself and wish we had a better word. The fact in the case is, our religious life has been deepened and broadened, and in this deepening and broadening we have found ourselves drawn towards the great men of religion among all nations and peoples. We think to-day not one whit less of anything we loved in the past or that our fathers revered, but we love and revere more than they did. This is something the General cannot understand, so he has been continually talking to us about his Channing Unitarianism, when it is my belief that this blessed man, Channing, finds no warmer home than in the heart of the most radical young man we have, and that is the General's own son.

As to our young minister, he is an earnest, open, warm-hearted man and we think an able man. His sermons are saturated with religious thought from the positive side, although he is not afraid to say his mind on the errors of the other church when necessity requires it. The General's special delight has been "to pitch into the churches" and it has not helped us much. Our young minister says that whatever negative preaching he shall do will be done with this in view, namely, to remove the obstructions in the way that all churches may do their God-appointed work. The General has been always free with his advice, some might say too free. Our young minister thinks that all advice when given with good intent should be well weighed, but he feels he must do his own thinking and acting. He seemingly has learned one lesson, that not always the one who gives advice freely is ready to stand by in case that advice gets one into trouble. But what little I have seen fit to say to our minister has seemingly been taken in good part, but not always acted upon.

Episcopalianism has always been a scarecrow to the General. We are not turning Episcopalians—we feel that long before the Episcopal church was born, or before its father, Henry VIII, was born, good music and responsive services were in use. And if not, we are ready to adopt

anything that is worshipful and helpful. This is the feeling in our parish. If the Episcopalian friends have a touch of beauty we like we will make it ours, or if our Methodist have more warmth than we have we will try and make that ours too.

Our creed has been objected to—well, so it may be. But it is a step in the right direction. And had not the General been so bitterly opposed to any change we think we should have had a true, broad, noble, Christian creed as ours to-day. Some went too far in their desire for changes, but they were driven to it by the General's bitterness. The last letter from the General shows a good deal of temper for which no doubt you are sorry, and I would not mention it here were it not that in the postscript he seems to strike at you personally. You will excuse him. For our Browning Club is doing very well. But we have many other things besides a Browning Club. It is indeed a minor matter. We are trying to help make our town a purer and better one. Please excuse this long letter.

Yours for the church,

AUNT HESTER.

UNREST, April 19.

P.S.—They say a woman cannot get along without a postscript and it is true in this case. We have tried the books in the Sunday-school to which the General objects and find them admirable.

H.

DEAR UNITY:—I hope there are a few people in the west who care for Browning. If so, will you give them the following information. Mr. Arthur Symons, of Muncaton, England, has been asked by the Browning Society in London to write a history of the poem called "Sordello". He and some other members asked for an old article of mine, printed in 1872 and written before 1855. As the same request had often been made in this country, I have printed two hundred copies, which may be ordered of Roberts Brothers, Boston, at thirty cents each. This is below the cost of publication, but all I can make up my mind to charge.

Yours very truly,

CAROLINE H. DALL.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., April 24.

EDITOR OF UNITY: It is quite remarkable to see how liberal thinking is spreading now in old Norway. On one day I received no less than three letters, one from a minister of the Lutheran state church and two from school-teachers, telling me that they did not believe any more the old orthodoxy, and therefore were longing for America, as their position at home became too painful. The minister writes as follows: "My religious opinion has changed considerably; by and by my belief in the trinity suffered shipwreck by the book 'What the Bible Teaches about Christ', by Victor Rydberg; my theistic standpoint was shaken thoroughly by Stuart Mills's 'Theism', so that you now may call me an atheist, and perhaps, at all events, I do not know any longer how to come into *rapport* with the supernatural. Under these circumstances to remain as a minister I have defended before myself by the admiration I have for Christ, whom I always tries to exalt, so that I in my sermons speaks fully as warmly of him as my orthodox brethren do."

One of the teachers writes: "When I now entirely have left my school work, the reason is, that I no longer believe in all what the Lutheran Church teaches. In a course of years I imagined I did. Yes, my dear Janson, how many spend their whole life in this sad imagination. It is unworthy a man with an eternal aim, but what may not happen in our spiritless time? If you ask me in what I especially depart from the Lutheran doctrine, it is in the dogma of the divinity of Christ. In a course of years I imagined I believed in Christ's divinity. But suddenly it darted before me that I never had believed in it. I became afraid; I was nearly out of senses from despair. I could not remain standing here. I commenced to investigate, and then I saw that neither the Bible nor the church

history teaches that Christ is God. On the contrary, I found that Christ distinctly has said, that he was no God. I owe myself to confess that when I stood on my cathedra teaching the small ones of the divinity of Christ, I felt I could not seal this teaching with my life. How many young teachers are not in the same condition! Yes, it will be a sad account in our church society, all this dogmatic stuff. We may hope that a day of truth and clearness will dawn upon the religious conditions of humanity, as it dawns upon the purely human and political conditions."

Another teacher writes: "Telling you the truth about my spiritual condition, I must confess that I am not able any longer to believe in the doctrines that the church society to which I am bound teaches. When I several years ago resigned my school position, it was on account of that I felt the obligation too painful to teach and preach a belief I did not share. I was caught by your representation of the eternal truths, and I follow that—still I should wish to advance a little farther. As far as I understand the religious want and movement of our time, there is hardly one of the educated, self-thinking, truth-seeking men and women to be found who can rest satisfied in the Lutheran theology now."

Believing these informations to be of as much interest to other people as they were to me, I send them to you.

Yours truly,

KRISTOFER JANSON.

## The Study Table.

*White Heather.* By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

The name of this story coupled with that of its author is suggestive of fresh highland breezes, the splash of Scottish waters and the delightful ideality with which Mr. Black knows how to clothe the frigid reality of life in the isles of the northern seas. A young Highland keeper loved a maiden above him in rank, whose lordly relatives, the Glengasks of Orosay, forever frowned him down. His love went unacknowledged, but not unknown to Meenie, for some lines which he had written for no eyes save his own met hers, as might happen in real life and could very easily occur in a novel. Then she was proud and shy and stood apart. And Ronald went to Glasgow to study and raise himself to Meenie's height with the help of the great city, which seemed to him "a lonely place for having so many people in it". Despairing of Meenie's love and craving human sympathy and fellowship, for lack of good companions he fell in with evil ones, whose temptations to dissipation he was not strong enough to resist. Then the woman-soul awakened in the shy girl Meenie, and being invited just at the fateful time to visit a sister in Glasgow—for those small providences, the novel-writers, hold the keys of all possibilities in their hands and have more power to bring about happy coincidences than the great, patient Providence, that enfolds us all, ever finds it wise to have or use—she accepted the invitation with one thought in her heart, the thought of Ronald. And when, because of his great need of her tenderness, she volunteered the confession which no anguish of her own could have driven to her lips, the scene might have been made exceedingly beautiful if Mr. Black were always the artist that he is sometimes. Then followed a secret marriage which needed circumstances to justify it; and the foolish deed had a happy sequel—because "White Heather" is not a true story, we suppose. When we come to the cometary young lady from Chicago, we think of Hafed in his world of chance, and wonder very much whether, in a well-ordered universe like that of which Chicago is the center, characteristics so diverse as those which made up Miss Carry Hodson's bundle of refinements and vulgarities could possibly be bound up in one small woman. Only under "small providences",

we think, and we hope Mr. Black's next novel will be all about the Highlands and not at all "about Illinois".

E. H. W.

*Poems Written from Youth to Old Age.* By John Howard Bryant. Princeton, Ill.: J. H. Bryant. Quarto, pp. 237.

Though neither thoughtful nor poetical, and even prosy and commonplace in some instances, the "Poems" of John Howard Bryant (mainly subjective and "occasional") contain the best of sentiments, and will probably influence for good those who would not be influenced by choicer productions. Nevertheless, one who remembers that John Howard and William Cullen Bryant were brothers, cannot help a feeling of disappointment at finding nothing more poetical here. The volume is issued by the author, in elegant brown and gold, and accompanied with his portrait, engraved by Sartain, of Philadelphia.

*Bacon and Shakespeare.*—Proof that William Shakespeare Could Not Write.—The Sonnets Written by Francis Bacon to the Earl of Essex and his Bride, A. D. 1590.—Bacon Identified as the Concealed Poet Ignoto. A. D. 1589-1600. By William Henry Burr, Washington, D. C.

The pamphlet before us seems to be a new edition of a publication of last year, although it escaped our notice at the time if it was published then. It is, as the title page indicates, three essays upon Shakesperean subjects, more or less connected. The author is laboring under a severe attack of the Bacon-Shakespeare craze or delusion, as it is popularly called, and our advice is, that all who do not wish to be in any degree infected should let this little book severely alone. Shakespeare is a subject where "a little learning is a dangerous thing", and in regard to a doubt so radical as to whether Shakespeare ever wrote anything beside the five autograph signatures now remaining, there is no way of dealing with it except through thorough Shakesperean scholarship. Still, for those not afraid of doubts, and who do not see any great crime in being slightly tinged with heresy in regard to Shakespeare, this little pamphlet will prove very interesting and worthy of at least a single reading.

U.

*The Story of Chaldea:* From the Earliest Times to the Rise of Assyria: (Treated as a General Introduction to the Study of Ancient History). By Zenaide A. Ragozin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1886.

This volume is one of a series bearing the general title of "The Story of the Nations". If the others are as interesting and valuable as this, it is safe to say that no series of books more important in the way of popularizing knowledge has been published in recent times. There are something more than a hundred pages of introductory matter, retelling the story of the exploration of Layard and other early investigators of Assyrian antiquities, a story which will always be interesting as a romance. The book itself is condensed, and presented with that clearness and breadth of view for which the French are deservedly distinguished, and although the book seems meant particularly for schools and academies, it will be eagerly sought and read by the many general literature classes of our time who find it necessary to work diligently that they may not be left entirely behind by the boys and girls of the high schools. Such a mass of knowledge concerning Asia Minor, its history and its antiquities, has accumulated in the last twenty years, that it is necessary for people whose school days ended twenty years ago to go over again the entire ground of ancient history, if they would escape being made frequently to feel that they are very ignorant. To such this volume will be very welcome, and it will be useful to all except special students, to whom it is an old story. D.

A NEW edition of Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet is before us, edited with notes by Homer B. Sprague, A. M., Ph. D. A good expurgated text, well printed, an equal space occupied by notes meant both to contain information and suggest independent criticism and research, are the

characteristics of this very excellent school edition of Shakespeare's great play. S. R. Winchell & Co., Chicago, are the publishers.

We would call special attention to Mr. Stebbins's "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages"—see advertisement—which our publishers are able to mail, at low price, to those who wish it. Francis Ellingwood Abbott, a good critic, said: "Mr. Stebbins has done the times a real service. . . . The buyer will get many times the worth of his money. It will refresh many a wearied spirit as with the eternal truth." Leading journals have spoken well of it. William Lloyd Garrison, a personal friend of the compiler, gave it a high commendation. Thinking students of comparative religions, and appreciative readers of golden thoughts should have this work.

MOLINE, ILLS., sends a printed sermon by Arthur Judy on "The Christ of the Rationally Interpreted New Testament". Some ministers had been saying, "If Christ was a man he was an impostor". Before you bring that charge make sure that you rightly read the New Testament, says Mr. Judy: so his sermon is a clear statement of the A B C principles of Bible interpretation, and an application of these principles to a few of the texts and deeds quoted to prove Christ God or second God. It has to be done, such work, and done, done, done: so well to have it done well.

## The Dore.

### THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

Said the Child to the youthful Year:

"What hast thou in store for me,  
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,  
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring  
Their treasures: the winter's snows,  
The autumn's store and the flowers of spring  
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,  
Dear Child—but the last and best  
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,  
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?  
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,  
A peace of mind which the soul can lift  
To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage and love  
If thou unto me canst bring,  
I will set thee all earth's ills above,  
O Child, and crown thee a King!"

—St. Nicholas.

### SCRAP-BOOKS.

#### PART FIRST.

Uncle William tied the strings of his big apron about him; tucked up his sleeves, and said to himself, as he drew his chair to a table full of papers, "Now, if my paste holds out, and I'm not interrupted by callers, I'm in a fair way to finish another UNITY scrap-book this afternoon." Clip, clip, went the shears through the paper. "If my fingers were not so clumsy, how fast and true I could cut! I wish one of my girls would step in."

"So she will, uncle, and I've come on purpose to help you. Mamma said I could not begin to fill my new scrap book until I had taken lessons of you."

The old gentleman's eyes grew brighter than ever; the

young ladies at the church were all very dear to his heart; they were his girls, and he was ever ready to serve them as they were to help him. He stroked his snow-white beard, and taking a bunch of back numbers of the UNITY, told her to cut out such pieces as were marked, while he pasted them into the blank book. Uncle William had been busy on this work for many weeks; the result was a large pile of neat scrap-books.

"There", said he, when the last page was filled and the book laid away to dry, "another one ready for service."

He laid his hand on the head of the fair-haired girl, "The friends who publish the UNITY are going to send these books out into the country where there is not as much to read as we have. Our work upon it is ended, but none can tell the good that may result from our afternoon's work. I'm sure of this, it will find a welcome, and that your bright eyes have helped me wonderfully. I only hope that there will be a pair of equally bright eyes to read it when it reaches its destination."

And so the UNITY scrap-book started out. We will see in the next number how it was received. S. M. B.

ONLY bring about a fellow-feeling between man and beast—master and servant—and fair treatment will be sure to follow. In a family where the maid of all work was a Swedish girl, the right of Madam Cat did not meet with just respect except when the mother or daughter of the family was by to prevail with the kitchen empress. Poor Mrs. Kitty was becoming possessed of a chronic state of fright, and her feelings were so hurt by the tone of her receptions and expulsions from the kitchen she was careful to present herself mostly in the parlor. But one day they stumbled upon something which righted the whole position of affairs. Kitty is now an honored member of the family. They gave her the pretty Swedish name of Greta, and found to their delight that she was thenceforth welcomed in the kitchen as a compatriot.

When we are not enough in sympathy with nature to feel new born ourselves with every new birth of spring buds and blossoms, then only are we dead, and a dreadful death that is. George McDonald says, "Then only is man growing old, when he ceases to have sympathy with young people. That is a dreadful old age."

## Notes from the Field.

CHICAGO.—The meeting of representatives of various charitable societies, called to consider the condition of the "Street Children of the City", was held April 29th, at the Sherman House. The general word was, Save the children to prevent the veteran sinner, as a far easier task than to reform him once made. "The ten-cent lodging houses send more boys to hell in a year than all other agencies of evil in the city." "Places like the licensed Jerry Monroe garden ruin more young girls in a month than the Home of the Good Shepherd can reform in twelve." But the agent of the Citizens' League spoke hopefully of the decrease of crime among juveniles the last few years. State Industrial Schools for boys and girls was the main remedy suggested. Judge Hawes doubted the possibility of passing a bill for such schools through the legislature, but believed an appeal to the business men of this city would secure the money needed for the land, the buildings and the endowment. A committee was appointed to draw up a plan of action to be submitted at the next meeting. —At the Monday noon meeting of Sunday-school teachers Mr. Milsted was the leader. The power of a word is the power of the truth that is in it. Lessing said that Christianity was not true because Jesus and the apostles taught

it, but they taught it because it was true. There is danger when some persons claim special divine illumination; for (1) Thus they claim authority for errors as the Roman Church does, we think; (2) If those who so pretend can make the people believe it, they get the popular ear to the exclusion of others. After the return of Israel from captivity at Babylon, prophesy declined, and the regulations called the Mosaic law, which had been growing a long time, now became condensed and took the place of the prophets. This was a change from free personal inspiration to a written code, creed and ceremonial. Ezra and Nehemiah were the leaders in the culmination of this slow and long process. From this came the intensifying of the nationality of the Hebrews which made them great and unique in history, and which developed their ideas of religion to lofty heights of monotheism, and to far purer conceptions than they had before, or than they would have grown to if they had mingled with the surrounding peoples. But the law had no permanent value. It was the outer shell which had aimed to inclose the spirit or life. The sermon on the mount shows what this spirit or life really was. The authority of Jesus is the authority of the truth that was in it. No one can have any other authority than this. Truth lives of itself; all that the greatest soul can do is to see it and speak it. He that sees and utters the most is the greatest prophet.

**BOSTON NOTES.**—Easter, like Christmas, is a festival in churches of all denominations hereabouts. Young and old church-goers enjoy especially what they participate in. Let the minister interest young persons in church ministries, and their parents and other older friends will interest themselves in them. The state Governor and the city Mayor each planted an elm tree on the Common, April 24,—“Arbor day”. Over all the state many a yeoman followed so good an example. The trustees of the Church Building Loan Fund are doing so much good with what they have, and having so many calls for aid, that they ask the churches for more means. The suggestion is,—let each one of our churches give the fund yearly but \$10, if no more; this alone would give them \$3,500 more a year, and doubtless it would be \$5,000. Ten years, with what they have already, would make the fund \$100,000, with which, turned over and over according to the rules adopted, a large work could be done.—Labor strikes here seem to be in part superseded by concessions from both employees and employers. The latter are fully disposed to correct former unfair usages, and the element of reason comes in often to secure a peaceful settlement of differences. Master mechanics declined to yield hours or price of a day's work, and gave very fair reasons why such “tying up” would work only evil to all the community. A million and a half of projected building here has been suspended. Meanwhile prices of food and material are advancing.

**THE TEMPERANCE FIELD.**—Connecticut and Maryland join the eighteen (nineteen?) sister states who have decided to teach temperance physiology in their public schools. The temperance instruction bill for the District of Columbia and the territories has passed the senate, and been reported favorably by the house committee on education, but only by a squeeze of six to five.—One hundred guns told Providence, a few nights ago, that Rhode Island had passed a prohibition amendment to its Constitution by more than the three-fifths vote required—a sharp struggle against heavy odds, yet victory came. Since then Virginia has been voting, under its local option law, apparently for license in the cities, for prohibition in the country. If the word be true that the colored vote in the large cities is almost unanimously anti-prohibition, the omen is a black one for Virginia. It is said, “The negroes of Richmond voted for license by five to one, many of them fearing boycotting or loss of labor, and many others being bought with money or liquor.” One old hero refused to be humbugged. Being told that,

should the prohibitionists triumph, the effect on the business interests of the city would be disastrous, and the grass would soon grow in the streets of Richmond, he said: “Specs yuse right, Massa; specs yuse right. I specs I know de reason, too: dere won't be any poor debils in de chain gang, Massa, to pull hit up.” The prohibitionists open the next campaign at once.

**LOS ANGELES, CAL.**—Dr. Fay, at the Opera House, is closing a course of sermons on “Man”. Mr. Wendte preached there twice a few weeks since, once a broad Gospel on “What is now signified by the word *Unitarian*: or, the Unity of God, of Religion, of Science, of Humanity and Human Life”.—“Did I tell you about Dr. Fay's choir? There are four instruments—two violins played by ladies, an organ, a violincello. A lady who is a fine musician and singer, acts as precentor, leading the congregational singing. I went in one Saturday, a while ago, to one of the club meetings and enjoyed it very much. Mrs. Severance, the President and mother of the club, presides with great tact and grace, seeming to know just how to bring out the best. I carry all my papers—UNITY, *Christian Register*, the *Unitarian*—down to the village library, and from the table there they all go where they will do good afterwards.”

**LAWRENCE, KANSAS.**—A little late we send birthday greeting to our father in the faith, the Rev. John S. Brown, whose Kansas record goes back to the days when Kansas was the land debatable between freedom and slavery, and whose life record on April 26th finished eighty years. “He is as bright as ever, and will preach for me next Sunday when I go missionarying”, is the word that reaches us. Happy brother Howland to have the “dear old neighbor” close at hand! Mr. Brown regularly occupies a home pulpit, preaching to a Post-office Mission parish. Will he not tell UNITY again about his congregation?

**SHAKESPEARE.**—Mrs. Anna B. McMahan, of Quincy, Ill., has been conducting for the last four months an interesting class in “Hamlet”, in Topeka, Kansas. Both class and teacher remained at home. The plan has worked admirably. When the telephone troubles are settled, perhaps this will be found an improvement upon the mail. One advantage of the postal system: several ladies can be talking at one time without disturbing the club. Postal card whisperers would not be so annoying as some other kind.

**ST. JOSEPH, MO.**—A large audience listened to J. L. Jones's lecture on “The Cacti” in Mendelsshon's Music Hall at this place on the 31st ult. Rev. Mr. Sunderland preached in the same place last Sunday night. Unity church of this place is steadfast, and busy at work upon the beginning of its new church building.

**WISCONSIN.**—The report of the W. H. S. for 1885-6 is just out, an attractive pamphlet of 90 pages, containing much information. Copies can be obtained by addressing Mrs. G. E. Gordon, secretary, 457 Broadway, Milwaukee.

“I SEE the danger of the present state of society perhaps as clearly as any one. But still I rejoice to have been born in this age. It is still true that human nature was made for growth, expansion; this is its proper life, and this must not be checked because of its perils. Danger we cannot avoid. It is a grand element in human life. We always walk on precipices. It is unmanly, unwise, it shows a want of faith in God and humanity to deny others and ourselves free scope and the expansion of our best powers because of the possible collisions and pains to be feared from extending activity. Many, indeed, sigh for security as the supreme good. But God intends us for something better, for effort, conflict, and progress. And is it not well to live in a stirring and mighty world even though we suffer by it?”—*Channing*.